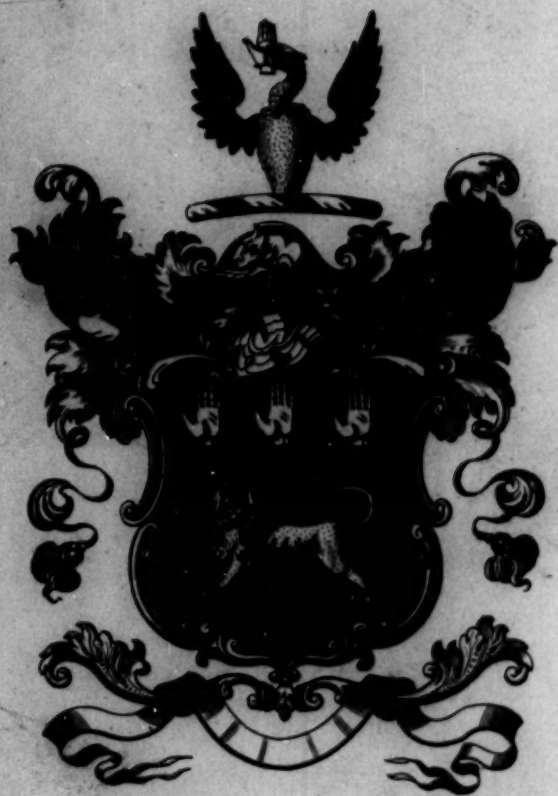
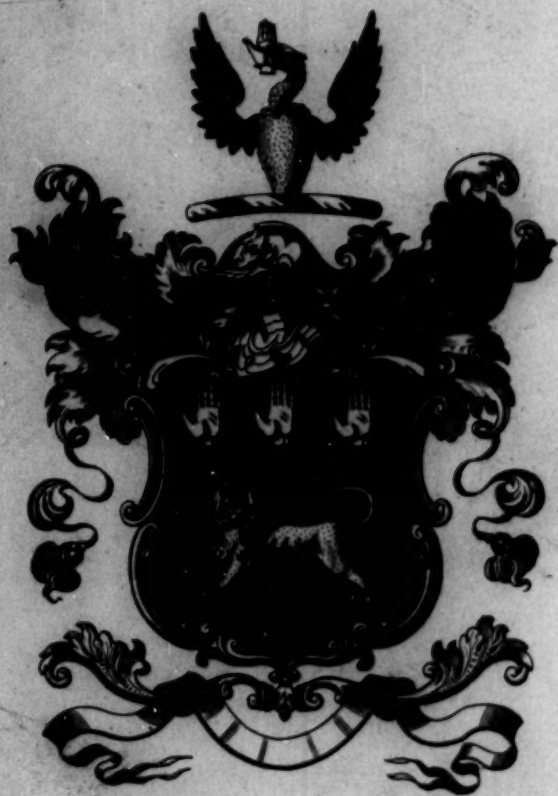




T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.



T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

up.

Thos. Folger
1848.

U

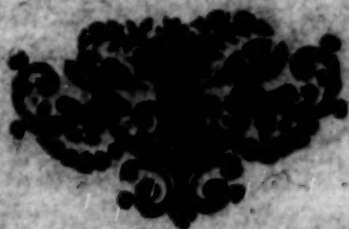
11775. c. 28

Q

THE
COURT MEDLEY:
OR,

MARRIAGE by PROXY.

An New BALLAD
O P E R A.
Of Three A C T S.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Dickinson, in Wych-Street; and
sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country.

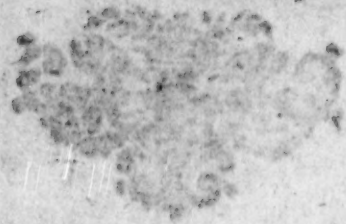
MDCCLXXXIII.

Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

THE
COURT MEDLEY;
OR
MARRIAGE BY PROXY.

AN NEW BALLAD

O P E R A.



L O N D O N .

Printed for J. Dilly, in Strand, and
for the Booksellers in Town and Country.

MDCCLXXII

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

A Table of AIRS in the OPERA.

1. Can true Love subsist, where Interest com- mands	3
2. Where weak coquetish Girl pursues	4
3. My wand'ring Heart shall resemble the Bee	5
4. See here the gay Rover	6
5. Each individual Part in me	7
6. The Guls of Delos he may cheat	10
7. Can Princes form'd of noblest Clay	11
8. Should Beauty's Queen rise from the Sea	12
9. See here, my dear Lords	12
10. The pleasing Transports that I bear	14
11. How blest'd are Maids who freely enjoy	17
12. In vain God Plutus are those Arts.	18
13. O the Pleasure	20
14. Why is dear Liberty banish'd from Princes	21
15. How happy would Delos have been	24
16. 'Tis these broad Shoulders that sustain	ibid.
17. 'Tis we that command	28
18. Good since it is a Blessing	29
19. To serve and be serv'd is a Pensioner's State.	31
20. 'Tis Money that seduces all Mankind	32
21. In Love and in Politicks Master must rule	34
22. Here's to thee my Boy a Brimmer	37
23. While the Sun shines let us make Hay	38
24. Whate'er you ask, my Dear, can I deny thee	42
25. Great are the Plagues of Love	44
26. Can I cross the dangerous Ocean	46
27. A Man might believe the Sea dry Land	48
28. 'Tis Gold alone employs all his Care	53
29. Let us sail for Delos Coast	58
30. The Prince in vain from Proxy hopes to know	59

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Prince Flavins, Contracted to the Princess
Seraphina, but secretly in Love with *Sacharissa*.

Lord Truelove.

Lord Modish.

Sejanus, Prime Minister to the King of *Delos*.

Lord Cringe,

Supple,

Easy,

Trimmer,

} Minions to *Sejanus*.

Sly, Servant to *Sejanus*.

W O M E N.

Seraphina, Princess of *Delos*.

Hamilla, her Confidant.

Melinda, a Coquet, afterwards married to Lord
Modish.

Sacharissa, privately married to Lord *Truelove*.

Belinda, *Sejanus*'s Mistress.

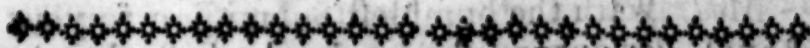
Messengers, Attendants, &c.

(1)



MARRIAGE

By PROXY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *discovers Prince Flavius, Lord Truelove, Lord Modish, and Others, in the State-Room, at the Prince's-Palace.*

PRINCE.



ELL my Lords, the World seems to me to be in a sort of Lethargy wholly unactive, for I neither hear or see any Thing to divert or instruct.

Truel. Your Highness will pardon me, if my Sentiments differ from yours. I hope the World is stirring and diligent in promoting your Interest and Happiness, since your

B

Mar.

Marriage with the Princess of *Delos* is strongly rumour'd here; upon which Account I do myself the Honour to pay my Compliments to your Royal Person.

Mod. And may I be riveted to the Center this Moment, if the same Motive did not draw me hither so soon this Morning, to congratulate your most August Highness upon your intended Nuptials.

Prince. My Lords, there is some Truth in what ye say; but, according to the common Adage, many Things happen between the Cup and the Lip; so many Things may happen before that comes to pass. There has been some Overtures made, I confess, on both Sides, but as yet we are not come to a punctual Agreement.

Mod. With the humblest Submission to your Royal Personage [*Bowing low.*] what other Agreement needs there, if that seraphick Angel and you are agreed?

Prince. I find, my Lord, you are more conversant in the Affairs of Love than those of State. I must consult my Interest first, my Lord, and consider what Advantage I can make of this Bargain: Was ever one of our Nation known to postpone that?

Mod. aside to Truelove.] Bargain! Bargain! I never heard such a Word made Use of in my Life, in the Sense he means it. I'll venture any Wager the Princess will never like him.—'Tis that indeed, as your Highness wittily observes, that sways all Mankind; but never, in my Opinion, ought to stand in Competition with Love: but you will pardon my Presumption.

A I R I. All you that delight in a, &c.

*Can true Love subsist, where Interest commands?
That sacred Passion 'twill smother;
My Flame the bewitching Temptation withstands,
For Love only, I am the Lover.*

*For sordid Advantage the great Ones may match,
And loath the Fair while they're admiring:
Such treach'rous Arts no Modish shall catch,
This Breast nobler Views still inspiring.*

Prince You are very merrily dispos'd this Morning my Lord; I suppose you melodiously warble out such Airs as this when you flatter the fair *Melinda*.

Mod. I do assure your Highness, upon my Honour, that I am an entire Stranger to Flattery [*Aside, which is a strange Thing too, being brought up always at Court.*] I never understood in my Life to speak a Language foreign to my Heart.

Prince. Happier you, my Lord. 'Tis a too plain, but true Confession, that Royalty itself is often oblig'd to make Use of two Tongues; but enough of this now. Well, *Truelove*, how does the fair *Sacharissa* do? thou hast been a true Drudge to *Venus*.

Truel. And have been well recompenced for my Pains. I entirely acquiesce in your Highness's Opinion, and humbly conceive, that where Love and Interest come in Competition, the latter ought to supersede the former: I have indeed been a Slave to an ungrateful Woman, but from henceforth shall shake off the Chain;

her Indiscretion, I hope, will teach me Prudence.

A I R II. See, fee, my *Seraphina* comes, &c.

*Where weak coquetish Girl pursues
The Conquest of new Hearts;
With Thoughts elate, each Man she views,
Discretion bears no Part.*

*The constant Youth worn out at last
With Coldness and Disdain,
Abhors his simple Conduct past,
And so shakes off his Chain.*

And that's my Case.

Mod. I am sorry for you, my Lord; it has always been far otherwise with me: I never fail to bring the Prey to my Lure, and without Vanity can say, of all the fair Sex in general with whom yet I have been conversant, as the victorious *Cæsar* did in another Case, *Veni, vidi, vici.*

Prince. I hope, my Lord, you don't court the Ladies in an unknown Tongue.

Mod. No, please you, my Leige; I only speak *Latin* before those that are Judges of it. But I have one humble Boon to crave of your Highness, and that is, to permit your faithful Slave to accompany you to *Delos*, when you go to solemnize your Nuptials with that charming Princess.

Prince. What, my Lord! you are for enlarging your Conquests, I find, and want to captivate some of the fair Ladies of that Island. I have already told you, 'tis yet uncertain whether I shall go myself or not—But hav'n't you Business

Business enough upon your Hands here at home, without encumbering yourself with Concerns in foreign Countries—Come, remember *Truelove's* Song, that will hold good in respect of our Sex too.

Mod. I hope your Highness will excuse me, if our Tempers don't tally in that respect; for,

A I R III. The Charge is prepar'd.

*My wand'ring Heart shall resemble the Bee,
Whose Joy and Delight is widely to roam :
In every Kingdom I'll have a fresh Sbe ;
From every Nation bring new Conquests home.*

*For black, brown or fair, my Inconstancy burns,
This amorous Heart so open and free is ;
The whole female World it shall conquer by turns,
And not be contented with Chloe or Phillis.*

Prince. A plain Confession indeed, my Lord.

Mod. Your Highness will pardon me; 'tis a true one: Variety makes the Feast. Mutton alone, all the Year long (as some witty Fellow expresses it) must be cloying.

Prince. But my Lord, we must submit sometimes (for Reasons of State) to have Mutton in the House all the Year, tho' we don't touch it ourselves but seldom.

Mod. Your Highness improves upon me very pretty, faith.

Prince. My Lord *Truelove*; why so melancholy? Come, cheer up.

True. I am improving, (as my Lord *Modish* calls it) Royal Sir, by your and his Discourse.

Mod.

Mod. Then listen attentively, my Lord, and you shall hear a specifick Remedy that will soon fetch you out of your Dumps.

A I R IV. Behold the Gold-finches, &c.

See here the gay Rover,
Tol tol lor.

View there the true Lover,
Tol tol lor.

[Pointing to Lord Truelove.
If you would gain her,

Tol tol lor.

With Fibs entertain her,
Tol tol lor.

For I am too genteel to say Lies, the only Way to gain a Woman, is to swear, fib, and talk Nonsense.

True. I believe, my Lord, these are the truest Words you have spoken ever since you have been here.

Enter one of the Gentlemen in waiting.

Gent. Please your Highness; a Messenger just arriv'd with this Packet from Delos.

[Gives him a Packet.

Prince. Very well. [Opens the Packet, in which are several Letters, breaks them up, and reads 'em to himself]

Modish to Truelove.] I hope good News, my Lord, from Delos; for, Egad, ever since I have heard of this intended Match, I have received as much secret Satisfaction from the Thoughts of this Voyage to Delos, (for you know I am first Oars in my Prince's Favour, but whether

I have express'd myself handsomely or not, I'll leave it to your Lordship's better Judgment ; yet in my Opinion the Simile's proper) as ever I did from breaking up a tender Girl of Fifteen, tho' that's pretty Pastime too: But, however, the latter must be the Consequence if we get safe thither ; for let me but once set my Foot in the Island, and I'll bring back Hearts by Dozens: They say it abounds in pretty Women too, faith; so that I must have a great deal of Pleasure.

True. Your Lordship seems to entertain an admirable Opinion of yourself, superior to that, I am afraid, which the Ladies of *Delos* will have of you—if not to your own Merits.

Mod. How can that be, my Lord? 'Tis impossible ! Could I be divided into Atoms, and thus distributed amongst the fair Sex all over the universal Globe, yet, would one single Atom of me contain more Virtue in it, than another whole Body of the same Species.

A I R V. *The Irish Howl.*

*Each individual Part in me
For ever swells with Ecstasy;
Not one small Particle can move,
But what is Rapture, what is Love.
Ho, hora, Ambora, &c.*

*Then ever may I roll in Bliss,
And always lead a Life like this :
For ever lock'd in Woman's Arms,
And never sated with her Charms.
Ho, hora, Ambora, &c.*

But

But whither has these pleasing Thoughts transported me; I forget the Prince is reading.

Prince, folding up his Letters.] I forgive you, my Lord, as being a Lover, and so consequently a little delirious when descanting upon that favourite Topick. [*Rises up.*] Lord Truelove and Modish, be pleas'd to attend me.

S C E N E *changes to the Prince's-Closet.*
Prince, Truelove and Modish.

Prince. Can we receive any Advices that concern us, or our Principality, without imparting them to our Friends? No. Here, my Lord Truelove, read this Letter.

[*Giving him an open Letter, he takes and reads.*]

May it please your Royal Highness,

WE have, at last, comply'd with your Demands; although, I think, somewhat unreasonable. It was thought by some at first, that an Hundred thousand Pounds was a Fortune sufficient for our Princess: But I have manag'd Matters so as to procure an Addition out of the Publick Revenues. Your Presence will now be absolutely necessary at Delos, otherwise you will be thought but a sluggish Lover. My Royal Master has sent you the Badges of the highest Honours that he can bestow.

I am,

Your Royal Highness's,
most devoted humble Servant,

SEJANUS.

Well, my Lords. you see I must be married now whether I will or not: They bid a Round Sum for me.

Mod.

Mod. In my humble Opinion, this is a very pert Letter (I don't know what your Highness may think of it;) who is this *Sejanus*? one would think by his way of Writing he was King of *Delos* himself.

Prince. No, my Lord; in my humble Opinion 'tis a very complaisant Letter, because it mentions a great deal of Money, and but little of Love. I know what *Sejanus*'s Additions are, not less than 10000 or 12000 *l. per Annum*. But if either of you, my Lords, have any Objections to make, you may speak your Mind freely.

Mod. I should be glad if your Highness would inform me who this *Sejanus* is; because he makes such monstrous large Promises; is he in a Capacity to fulfil them?

Prince. He is, my Lord, Prime Minister of State to my intended Father-in-law; can open the Flood-gates of the Treasury, (when he has a mind to't) and pour out a Deluge of Money.

Mod. A powerful Man, faith: And since your Highness has suffer'd me to speak, as he is powerful, so I would not have you trust him too far, for notwithstanding his Greatness, he may be a Knave, as far as I know, and cheat both you and your Father.

Prince. No; the Man's honest enough I believe, with good looking after (though they talk very oddly of him at *Delos*; but let him be what he will, he is a necessary Tool for me at present, (though he may think, perhaps, *Vice versa*, that I am his) and so 'tis over-reach who can: Yet, in my Opinion, I shall be a Match for him there, (notwithstanding his Craft) for that you know hits the particular *Genius* of our Nation.

AIR VI. To all you Ladies now at Land:

The Guls of Delos he may cheat,

But never shall trepan

The Prince of ——— to compleat

His Villany began :

E'er me the subtle Fox should charm,

I'd see his Neck long as this Arm.

Fa la la.

Thence *If these, Sejanus, are your Arts,*

They're here bestow'd in vain ;

We know full well to play our Parts

While the Concern is Gain :

Come, then let's see this wondrous Man,

And bite the Biter if we can.

Fa la la.

Prince. But what shall us do, my Lords, about this going over ; **Sejanus**, you see, says in his Letter, that my Presence is absolutely necessary at *Delos*, but at present I am wholly indispos'd to travel : Besides, 'tis dangerous you know to cross the Seas. I think upon second Consideration, the Princess may be as well sent over to me, and that will save the Expence of my Journey.

Mod. I hope your Highness now speaks Court Language, that is what you don't mean.

True. As little a Friend as I am to the fair Sex, (since my Disappointment) yet (begging your Highness's Pardon) such a Remissness will be inexcusable ; what Opinion will the Princess entertain of you, if you think her not worth one Visit ?

Prince. A better I am sure, my Lords, she ought to't, than if I paid her twenty : Do you consider the

the Length of the Voyage, how much it will cost? By staying at home I exhibit to her and her Friends, a Specimen of my Frugality.

Mod. A common Country Girl will expect the Complaisance we have been mentioning from a Peasant; and if I was to pay my Devoirs to one, split me, if I would not do it, *Alamode de pari.*

Prince. Your Circumstances and mine, my Lord, as I observ'd before, are very different, my Affairs at present oblige me to keep at home.

Mod. But Love! my Prince; consider that generous Passion call'd Love.

Prince. But Interest, my Lord; consider that darling Passion call'd Interest. She will be as much mine as if I was to take this Jant, and leave Things here at home at Sixes and Sevens.

True. Let us prevail upon your Highness.

Prince. In vain, my Lords, in vain ye both attempt. What, don't ye know I am likely to come to an Accommodation with the States?

Mod. aside to Truelove.] And upon my Sessò, was I in the Princess's Place, you should never come to an Accommodation with me.

Truel. Please your Highness, we forbear to urge the Matter any further.

A I R VII. Princess Royal.

Can Princes form'd of noblest Clay,

Admit of so much base Allay,

As to become the sordid Prey

Of all-seducing Treasure.

*This Truth will evidently prove,
 That Gold monopolizes Love,
 In vain, in vain has Beauty strove;
 Her Charms must fail,
 And she seem stale,
 Where mercenary Views prevail,
 'Tis Gold gives all the Pleasure.*

A I R VIII. I'll range all round, &c.

Mod. *Should Beauty's Queen rise from the Sea,
 And offer all her Charms to thee,
 [Pointing to the Prince,
 For Lucre of the yellow Clay,
 You'd thrust those heavenly Charms away.*

A I R IX. See here my dear Boy, &c.

Prince. *See here, my dear Lords;
 [Laying his Hand on some Bags of Money,
 See this is the Thing
 That true Pleasure affords
 To Peasant and King.*

*But I must send away a Dispatch to the Court of
 Delos, and answer Sejanus's Letter.*

True. We interrupt your Royal Highness.

Both. We are your Highness's most dutiful, and
 most obedient Servants.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to Sacharissa's Lodgings.**Enter Lord Truelove;*

Sacha. What engaging Company has detain'd your Lordship this Morning; sure you could never wait so long at the Prince's Levee.

True. Nothing else, my dearest *Sacharissa*, should have kept me at this time from you. We have held a Cabinet Council this Morning at Court, concerning some Dispatches arriv'd from *Delos*.

Sacha. And what was the Result, my Lord?

True. The Result, my Charmer, was this; that it was in vain, and to no Purpose.

Sacha. How so, my Lord? His Highness will hearken to Reason in every Respect, unless where his Pocket is concern'd. But what News from *Delos*?

True. Why, I believe, my Love, the Marriage will now shortly be consummated between his Highness and that Princess, for the Prime Minister of *Delos* has made him Promises as big as Mountains.

Sacha. And, perhaps, like the Mountain in Labour, they will bring forth a Mouse; that is, dwindle into nothing. — But I suppose his Highness will be now preparing for a Voyage to *Delos*. And so I lose you.

True. That has been the Question in Debate. All the Arguments that the gay Lord *Modish* and myself could invent, prov'd ineffectual — He is resolved (by what I can learn from his Discourse) to espouse her by Proxy, notwithstanding the Letter intimates his Presence at *Delos* to be altogether necessary.

Sacha.

Sacha. Poor Princess! tho' unknown, I pity her Condition; what a gallant Spouse will she have?

True. We were very plain with his Highness upon the Point, (for he gave us Liberty to speak our Minds.)

Sacha. For God's sake, what could he say for himself? How could he evade the Thing?—
But however 'tis indifferent to me; I shall have him here, I suppose, in the Afternoon.—Said he nothing of me this Morning?

True. Yes; banter'd me as usual.

Sa. He is but little acquainted with the real Joys of Love. Did he know the Value I have for you he would envy our Happiness, and endeavour to interrupt it.

True. I am very sensible of it, my charming *Satharissa*; and therefore think it better you should dissemble your Esteem for me before Company, As we are thoroughly acquainted with each others Inclinations.

Sacha. I shall obey your Commands, as long as you think proper, but throw away the Mask when you desire me.

A I R X. Sweet are the Charms, &c:

The pleasing Transports that I bear,

Nor Thought can form, or Tongue declare;

No Pomp, or Grandeur e'er shall move

The well-fix'd Basis of my Love;

For ever in those Arms I'll lie,

And melt away in Ecstasy.

True.

True. For Joys that Sacharissa gives:

Kings might their Crowns and Scepters leave;

Such soft, such charming Excellence

As this o'er-powers my ravish'd Sense:

Ye Gods, what Pleasures can compare!

With those that center in my Fair?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Publick Walks before the Prince's Palace.*

Melinda and Sacharissa walking.

Mel. Well, my dear, have you seen your Lover to Day.

Sacha. Lover, my dear, what Lover? I don't know who you mean.

Mel. Why you don't think, Child, that I stop my Eyes and Ears, any more than the rest of the World? 'Tis the common Talk of all Companies that you have smitten the Prince

Sacha. I am surpris'd, Madam, at your Discourse, and thought *Melinda* had known better; sure my Lord *Modish* keeps you strangely in the Dark, or else you must have heard that the Prince is contracted to the Princess of *Delos*, and all Matters are settled as to that Point.

Mel. What you say, Madam, may be very true, but yet 'tis confidently reported that your Charms keep him at home, and divert his intended Voyage.

Sacha. My Charms, *Melinda*; surely you are mad; it may be the Charms of his Money or Interest perhaps, for I believe you are not insensible that

that Beauty has no Influence over him when it comes in Competition with Gold.

Mel. I'll tell you, *Sacharissa*, notwithstanding all his niggardly Tricks, had Fortune been as favourable to me as she has to you, I should not question making something of him:

Sacha. I make something of him, his Bags and him too are my Aversion: We must be oblig'd to bear with Impertinence sometimes, though it proceeds only from our Equals, much more from our Sovereign.

Mel. I never had the Honour of a Visit from him above once; and then my Lord *Modiss* brought him; he treated us with Cheese-Cakes, and one poor Bottle of meagre Wine; tip'd the Maid a Shilling, and so went off.

Sacha. Why do you want him again if he serv'd you in that Manner?

Mel. Because I should entertain great Hopes of taking him in the critical Minute, Child; when his Heart is open.

Sacha. If you wait for that, Madam, you may stay long enough. I am afraid 'tis more than the poor Princess, who is destin'd to his Arms, will ever find; otherwise his Heart would be open to find Money to pay her a Visit.

Mel. 'Tis an unusual Thing for our Sex to pity each other, but this unfortunate Lady raises my Compassion, doubtless (being the Daughter of so mighty a Monarch) she must live in all the Gaiety and Grandeur that the World can afford, and won't be able to brook our Way of Life here.

Sacha. No, I believe, *Melinda*, she won't relish Butter and Cheese very well at first.—Why she's a prodigious Fortune they say, and keeps as many Servants in Livery now, as the Prince does.

Mel.

Mel. I suppose she has Money enough, or else (as you observe) he would not marry her; and as for the Retinue he'll soon curtail that when he gets her once here.

A I R XI. Of all the simple Things we
do, &c.

*How blest'd are Maids who freely enjoy
Whatever their Fancy allows,
But soon as entrap'd in Cupid's Decoy
Are Slaves to an ill-natur'd Spouse;
We struggle to break thro' the Snare,
In vain when once we're got in,
We fret and tare, and fume and swear,
But cannot get out of the Gin.*

Sacha. 'Tis very true; Madam; but if we stumble upon a good-natured Husband, that makes amends for our State of Servitude.

Mel. Yes, my Dear, but where is such an one to be found, that you know is very precarious.

Sacha. Seldom amongst Kings or Princes, Fops or Fools. (*Aside*, but thanks to my good Genius 'tis my happy Fortune to be blest with one.)

Mel. No, I am of your Opinion, Madam: The first are generally too proud according to the Poet, *Love and Majesty but ill agree*: The third too fantastical; and the very Name of the fourth bespeaks what he is.

Sacha. Where a mutual Correspondence of Hearts is to be found, a Marriage-State to be sure must be very delightful.

Mel. I grant it, Madam, but how can this be between those who never saw each other, and

are forced into the Yoke by Compulsion like brute Beasts:

[*To them Lord Truelove and Modish.*]

Modish singing.

A I R XII. In vain *Belinda*, &c.

*In vain God Plutus are those Arts,
By which you conquer sordid Hearts;
For Love alone I court the Dame,
No groveling Interest stirs the Fla—me,
No groveling, &c.*

Ladies your most obedient, most obsequious humble Servant. I am proud to see two such bright Stars to guild our Hemisphere.

Mel. Your Lordship is always so very full of Compliment, that 'tis beyond our weak Apprehension to return it.

Mod. All the Returns your whole Sex can make, will fall short, exceeding short of my Desert. 'Tis I, Madam, the incomparable Lord *Modish*, who am the Ladies Champion, and defend their Cause against all Opposers.

True. How does my dear *Sacharissa* (*Aside, But I forgot faith; well since it is out e'en let it go.*)

Sacha. What do you mean, my Lord, by this Freedom? I am sure I never eat or drank any thing at your Expence yet, nor ever intended it.

Mod. Pray, Madam, don't be so cruel, the Prince has banter'd my Lord enough already this Morning: Split me if it does not give me the Head-

Head-ach to see how cold you look upon him who loves you so tenderly.

Mel. Be a little more kind, pray Child, you may be the Death of his Lordship else for ought I know ; I am sure he seems to be very much wasted within a small Compass of Time.

True. *taking Sacharissa by the Hand.* We will, my charming *Sacharissa*, pull off the Visor and unmask.

[Turning to Lord Modish and Melinda:] Behold then, my Lord, no longer the coy, disdainful *Sacharissa*, but the kind and virtuous Lady *Truelove*: We thought proper to conceal it hitherto for particular Reasons ; but, as Affairs stand, will unravel our Design to *Melinda* and your Lordship, if you can keep a Secret.

Mel. And must I call you Lady *Truelove* ?

Sacha. That is indeed my Name, since my Lord is pleas'd I should own it.

Mod. I wish ye both Joy. This indeed is an agreeable Surprize ; may ten thousand Blessings attend you till the Day of your Dissolution.

[Saluting Sacharissa.]

Mel. I join with his Lordship in his good Wishes.

True. and Sacharissa.] We thank you both.

True. I would advise your Lordship, as you have been so long acquainted with the fair *Melinda*, to follow my Example, and then we will enter into a mutual Confederacy how to make the most of the Prince in his present Posture of Affairs. But let all this be kept private from him, or else all our Measure ars broken at once.

Mod. If the fair one will consent. *[Going to Melinda, and with a low Bow, taking her by the Hand.]*

Mel. Your Lordship knows 'tis out of my Power to deny you any Thing.

True. Both agreed then. I think, my Lord, you have chosen the wisest Method; the Life of a fix'd Lover is much happier than that of a Rover.

Mod. Pulling out his Watch. Let me see, Eleven a Clock. [*To Melinda.*] The next Hour instead of *Melinda*, shall salute you Lady *Modish*— I hope your Lordship, and the fair *Sacharissa* (for I shall call her by that Name to prevent Discovery, till your Lordship directs otherwise) will be so kind as to be present at the Solemnity, which shall instantly be perform'd as private as possible.

True. We will wait on your Lordship. [*Sings.*]

A I R XIII. O my Treasure, &c.

O the Pleasure,
Above Measure,
O the Joy and sweet Delight !
Can ought below
Such Blifs bestow
As constant Hearts when they unite,
When they unite.

Sacha. Let dull Princes
Feast their Senses
With stuff'd Bags of yellow Ore ;
For such dear Kisses,
[Kissing each other,
And Caresses,
We despise the Muckworm's Store.
The Muckworm's Store.
[Exit.

The End of the First Act.

A CT



A C T II.

SCENE *changes to Delos. The Princess
Seraphina's Apartment.*

The Princess and Hamilla.

A I R XIV. Virgins are like the fair Flower;

WHY is dear Liberty banish'd from Princes,
That Blessing the meanest Subjects enjoy :
Reasons of State, and politick Pretences
Where first invented true Love to destroy.
Must I resign up my Charms, tho' unwilling,
And fall a Victim to one that I hate ?
Reverse, O ye Powers ! a Sentence so killing,
But if not reverse it, yet pity my Fate.

My dearest *Hamilla*, what shall I do ? I am destin'd as a publick Victim to the Arms of one I can never like ; to one who has never shewn me the least Mark of his Esteem, or paid me the usual Complaisance that the Generality of our Sex expect.

Ham. I commiserate your Royal Highness's Condition very much, and wish it were in my Power to do something more than pity—But who is the Projector of this Match ?

Princess.

Princess. Who should but the Author of all Mis-
chief, the old subtle *Sejanus*.

Ham. Indeed, my Princess, I had but little Oc-
casion to ask ; for as you observe, all publick and
private Evils take their Rise from that Foun-
tain. But I suppose when he first communicated
the Matter he gave you a Sweetner as usual.

Princess. Yes, yes, plenty of fine Promises.

Ham. But take care you don't find Scarcity of
Performances. (Your Highness will pardon my
Freedom.)

Princess. Very likely so indeed, *Hamilla*. Yet
if he could fulfil them all in every Point it would
be no Satisfaction to me——without the Man I
love.

Ham. True, my Princess ; but in what manner
did the old Fox gild his Pill over.

Princess. He began his Harangue first, how
much he had my Interest, and our Royal Family's,
at Heart.

Ham. And, poor Man, never consider'd his own
all the while to be sure : But I beg pardon for in-
terrupting you.

Princess. You shall hear : That it would be for
the Benefit of the whole Nation to see the Prin-
cess of *Delos* married to Prince *Flavius* : That he
knew no other Prince in the World so proper as
him at present, because the others were all Idola-
tors, and so consequently excluded by our Laws.

Ham. And had he met with his Deserts our
Laws would have excluded him long enough
ago from having any concern with them.

Princess. I am of your Opinion, *Hamilla*. Then
says he as to Fortune you shan't want for that,
'tis but ask and have ; you shall in that respect
equalize, if not surpass, the greatest Princess in
the World.

Ham.

Ham. I believe their may be somewhat of Truth in that, for as he has the Command of the Treasury, so 'tis in his Power to procure what Money he pleases.

Princess. The State of this Life, adds he, is very uncertain and unsettled. Your Brothers may die, and then the Crown of *Delos* falls to you, and doubtless you will be better able to sustain such a Weight with a Partner, than alone. One of our Princesses before divided her Crown with an illustrious Ancestor of this Prince, and during his Administration *Delos* was a very flourishing Kingdom. Tho', as every Age grows wiser, since I have had the Government of Affairs, we somewhat exceed that Time, which is entirely owing to my Care and Industry.

Ham. I thought something of his own sweet self must come in at last: Monstrous Impudence when every one sees we are in a ten times worse Condition now than we were all the Time he spake of.

Princess. To conclude, upon mature Deliberation, when you come seriously to reflect you will thank me, says he, for the great Services I have done you in this Affair.—And so he left me.

Ham. A very fine Conclusion indeed, thank him, for what, nothing, as I can guess, unless 'tis for being instrumental to your Ruin. That Villain, my Princess, has ruined more People than all the preceeding Ministers that ever went before him; his whole Study and Delight is to render Mankind unhappy.

AIR XV. When first I laid Siege to my *Chloris*.

How happy would Delos have been,

How happy would Delos have been,

Had she made him swing

In a strong Hempen String,

Before his curs'd Schemes she had seen.

The very Thoughts of him disorder me.

Princess. I wish indeed, *Hamilla*, that an Hempen String had been his Portion, before he propos'd this distasteful Match; must I, who am a Princess, be a Slave to his capricious Humour, and be disposed of as he thinks fit.

Ham. Your Highness's Condition in that Respect is indeed deplorable.

Princess. The Thoughts of it, *Hamilla*, torment me Night and Day; but I will now try and compose myself for an Hour

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to *Sejanus's Palace.*

Sejanus, Lord Cringe, Supple, Easy, and Trimmer:

Sejanus hugging himself with his Arms across.

AIR XVI. Of all the Girls in our Town, &c.

'Tis these broad Shoulders that sustain,

Of ample Government the Rein,

In spite of all their snarling Crew.

Whatever I say shall be right,

That White is Black, and Black is White;

Let

*Let prostrate Delos Homage pay
To great Sejanus's powerful Sway,
And grant what's to his Merit due.*

Trim. [*aside.*] Then it would quickly hang you up, for I am sure you merit it enough, faith.

[*They all advance towards him, bowing low.*]

Cringe. Thrice welcome to Town again most noble *Sejanus*. We were in continual Pain for you the whole Time of your Progress for fear any Misfortune should attend your Honour.

Trim. [*aside.*] I was in more Pain for my Pension, faith, otherwise his Honour might have went to the Devil for me.

Sej. I am return'd safe, my Lord, you plainly see, but you might have kept your Uneasiness on on that Account to yourself, for I (according to the Poet, laying his Hands on his Hips,)

Major sum, quam cui possit fortuna nocere.

Sup. The dazzling Height of Glory that your Honour is arrived at, doubtless exalts you above the Caprice of Fortune; we feared not what Man could do unto you, but our constant Prayers accompany'd you for fear of any supernatural Calamity.

Trim. [*aside.*] He has transacted Villanies enough indeed to call down a speedy Vengeance on his Head.

Easy. Our Fate is involv'd in your Excellency's, and our lives wrapt up in yours.

Trim. [*aside.*] That's the whole Truth of the Matter indeed, *Easy*; for was he to die we should in all likelihood want Substance, and so be starved, therefore our lives may truly be said to depend on his.

E

Cringe:

Cringe. Your Honour has deservedly gained the Top-round of Glory and Preferment, and now, like the Sun, scatter your benign Influence amongst us poor Mortals.

Trim. [*aside.*] And may he reach the Top-round of a Ladder in order to be turn'd of a Gallows.

Sej. I have all the Reason in the World to hope for the Protection of Heaven, since the many good Actions I have done my Country, not only call for it, but (if I may be allowed to use the Expression) merit it.

Sup. If ever any Mortal on this Side the Grave did, your Honour is the only one.

Easy. Is not your Honour too much fatigued to assist in Council to-day: pray take care of that precious Life.

Sej. What dost mean, *Easy*, am I not always indefatigable in assisting my Country?

Trim. [*aside.*] Yes, to ruin it you have for many Years.

Sup. The Board sits, and waits only for your Honour.

Sej. I go. [*Exit.*]

Manent Lord Cringe, Supple, Easy and Trimmer.

Cringe. Rot me if I would have come near him only he promised to augment my Pension as soon as he returned.

Sup. A Reason of the same Nature drew me hither too, for I saw his Secretary minute me down for the next Commission that dropt, and Col. *Kill-man* has been dead these three Days.

Easy. He has provided handsomely enough for me already, and I am contented for some Time, though he has not been backward in promising me

me greater Things, and I'll trust to him a little while.

Trim. So wont I any longer. He has promis'd to increase my Salary for this Year last past, and never perform'd it. He sent for me just before his last Project, came upon the Carpet, and said, If I could but colour it over so as to make it take, something very handsome should be done for me, but as yet I find nothing coming, and therefore if he is not very speedy in his Performance I'll turn and write against him for the future.

Easf. Let us all have a little Patience, and we shall see what's to be done.

Sup. I have a great Mind to apply to him to apply to him to be made Chamberlain of the Princess Royal's Household.

Cringe. What, is not that Matter settled yet?

Sup. No, my Lord, her Servants are to be named next Week.

Easf. I don't think that Place will be advantageous: For they say Prince *Flavius* is much of a Nigard; and besides, you must go over to live in his Principality; and in my Opinion 500 *l.* per Annum in *Delos* is preferable to 1000 *l.* in his Country.

Cringe. What say ye, Gentlemen, to a Glas of Wine? They have lately broach'd a Pipe of excellent old Port at the *Rummer*.

All. With all our Hearts, my Lord.

[*Exe mnes.*]

E 2

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Rummer Tavern.*

Lord Cringe, Supple, Easy, and Trimmer, Bottles
and Glasses before them,

Cringe, [*Taking up a Glass of Wine and drinking.*]
I hope, Gentlemen, I have not baulk'd your Ex-
pectations, I think the Wine is very good and pa-
litable.

Sup. Delicious Wine indeed, my Lord. [*drink-ink.*] As we are all here, and Pensioners to *Seja-
nus*, let us unbend ourselves, and be a little gay ;
if we spend all our Money he can and must find
us more.

Easy. Agreed, I am always for forwarding
Mirth, and so will begin with a Song.

A I R XVII. Here's to the my Boy:

'Tis we that command

The Wealth of the Land,

'Tis the Pensioner picks up the Pence ;
picks up the Pence ;

Altho' he transacts

Many villainous Facts,

And cheats both his Country and Prince,

And ch—ats both his Country and Prince.

Sup. No, don't let us term it cheating ; we
are only a little sharper than the rest of our Coun-
trymen, that's all.

Cringe. Ay, ay, born with a few more Brains
than the Vulgar.

A I R

A I R XVIII. If Claret be a Blessing.

*Good Sence it is a Blessing
 To us peculiar given,
 All Men in vain
 Expect to claim
 This choicest Gift of Heaven;
 It us supplies
 With Store of Lies
 To maintain our Master's Scheme;
 By this Art
 We play our Part
 And can write on every Theme.*

Sup. Very good, my Lord, yes our Parts supply us with Matter to defend any Cause, and 'tis a great Blessing indeed that our Intellects are so good, for Liars ought to have good Memories.

Cringe. No, not Liars, soften it a little; we are Enlargers, that is, our Capacities can stretch as wide as our Consciences.

Sup. Enlargers is a more proper Word I own, my Lord.

Trim. But, Gentlemen, let us wave this Discourse for the present, we have been discanting long enough on our own peculiar Faculties; I am for a little Talk about this Prince *Flavius*; how do ye think he'll turn out?

Cringe. Upon my Word, Sir, I cannot inform you, the Proof of the Pudding's in spending you know.—But they say he made the Gentleman a very handsome Present that invested him with the Badges of Honour our King conferred on him.

Sup.

Sup. Why those Badges of Honour advance him no higher than to be a Companion of our Master's ; and as he is the richest of the two, so I don't take Prince *Flavius* to be so great a Man as *Sejanus*.

Easy. Nor I ; our Master doubtless can buy two of him.

Trim. The Marriage I think has been along time in Hand. I have had a Panegyrick upon this Prince by me for these two Months, ready to salute him at landing. Though I can't say I know much of him, only what my luxuriant Fancy produces, for according to your Song, my Lord Cringe.

*It us Supplies
With Store of Lies, &c.*

Sup. Next time I get my Master in a good Humour, I'll put on a bold Face, and ask him whether Prince *Flavius* comes or not.

Easy. Come, to be sure, he'll come, or else it will be a very great Affront to all *Delos* in general, and the Princess in particular.

Trim. So 'twill, faith ; and if he does not come it must proceed either from an ill-tim'd Frugality, or disrespect to the Lady.

Cringe. Most People indeed lug out at the Time of Courtship, if they are ever so saving afterwards.

Easy. 'Tis very unaccountable ; we may all guess long enough before we form a right Conjecture of Prince *Flavius*'s Remissness.—I might indeed have called it Rudeness, and so I would were I not a Pensioner.

Cringe. I believe, Gentlemen, 'tis time to call the Reckonings. The Council will break up
very

very soon, and we must be ready to attend *Sejanus's* Levee.

Sup. We must take particular Care of that indeed, or else we may be turn'd out.

A I R XIX. A Shepherd kept Sheep, &c.

To serve and be serv'd is a Pensioner's State,

Fa la la, &c.

Tho' here we command, yet there we must wait,

Fa la la, &c.

This Hour we suck in good Wine at our Leisure,

But next must attend on *Sejanus's* Pleasure,

Fa la la, &c.

All. 'Tis true, let us be going.

SCENE changes to *Sejanus's* Closet, in his Apartment.

Sejanus solus.

'Tis a ticklish Point ; we have been discussing, and has been long in Hand, but I am resolv'd I'll have it my own Way let what will be the Consequence. What care I for the Kingdom, if I can but have my own Humour ? But I'll ring for *Sly*, and know what Letters are arriv'd since my Progress : I wonder Prince *Flavius* neglects to write so long, sure he's very remiss [*Rings the Bell*]

Enter *Sly*.

What Letters have I below.

Sly. I'll bring them to your Honour immediately. [*Exit Sly, and returns with a Packet of Letters,*

Sej.

Sej. Is this all ?

Sly. Nothing more, please your Honour: But the great Hall below is already full of Dependants, tho' your Honour has not been within above half an Hour.

Sej. Who are they all, or what are they ?

Sly. Some, please your Honour, are laughing, some singing, and others secretly (for I can guess by the Position of their Mouth) cursing, notwithstanding 'tis in your own House — As far as I can guess by the Number already come, and the continual Flocks of others coming, your Honour may have about a Ream of Petitions.

Sej. You know some of them, don't you ?

Sly. They are as thick as Bees; your Honour's House I think is like a Snow-ball, always gathering: I can't recollect many of them, but I think I observ'd Lord *Cringe, Supple, Easy* and *Trimmer*.

Sej. Let them wait my Leisure. [*Exit Sly.*

Sej. reading.] But 5000*l.* for making up the Match. Why that's but a small *Premium*, it will hardly purchase me a Borough as Times go; however, all is Fish that comes Net, I must take it, for in all likelihood I shall have a greater Occasion for Money than ever I had, to expend at the ensuing Elections. The Generality of the People seem to be stubborn, and so consequently may want a great deal of Softening. For as the Song says,

A I R XX. 'Tis Woman that seduces all, &c.

'Tis Money that seduces all Mankind,

In City, Court, and Country, that's the Cry;
For that we tempt the Seas, and brave the Wind,
There's none but will be sold if you can buy.

The

*The Parson sells you Prayers, the Lawyer sell you Lies.
 The pretty Lady sells her magic Ring ;
 The Doctor sells you Death, he's a Fool that buys :
 The Statesman sells his Country and his King.*

I must indeed now try the Power of Gold, as the Nation is pretty much exasperated, if that won't moderate their Resentment nothing will. I will now refresh myself with a Glass of Wine, and a little of *Belinda's* Company, but must first shew myself to my Slaves.

Enter Sly.

Sly ; go you and convey *Belinda* here from her Lodgings : Let her be in my Closet within an Hour at farthest

Sly. It shall be done.. Please your Honour [*Goes to the Door and turns back.*] what Dress would your Honour have her come in, Widow's-Weeds, or like a Clergyman's Widow, or like a Country Lady with a Whip in her Hand, and in a Riding-Habit, as just come off a Journey ?

Sej. What did she come in last ?

Sly. If your Honour please to recollect, you where in a great Hurry for her. I found Madam in an Undress (and you order'd me to bring her just as she was) so that she had not Time to put on her Stays, and came in a Pair of Night-Pinners, and a blue Damask Wrapper ; but as I told your Honour how a saucy Rascal attack'd her in the Chair, supposing her to be a Whore, so you said she should never come in such a suspicious Dress any more.

Sej. True. Let her put on her Widow's-Weeds (for she will have Time enough now to dress) and come with a Petition in her Hand, so amongst

F

such

such a Crowd of People she may easily get up Stairs unsuspected, as she knows the House. Set the Room to Rights a little, and put a Bottle of *Champaign* upon the Table, that she may have a Glass of Wine in readines. [Exit. *Sejanus*.

Sly. I will not be his Pimp any longer, if he uses me in this Manner; the Moment a lecherous Thought comes into his Head, I must be dispatch'd away for his Whore. This is the second Time he has serv'd me so on a publick Day, so that I lose all my Veils. There's Lord *Cringe*, *Supple*, *Easy* and *Trimmer*, all of them promis'd me Money; if they met with any Success, and before I can return they will all be gone; curse his old salacious Head, as if he could not have staid till he had sent away his Sycophants.

A I R XXI. A Cobler there was, &c.

*In Love, and in Politicks, Master must rule,
In either he hates to find any Controul;
As soon as — stands, I must fetch him a Spouse,
And his Schemes must pass current though not worth a*
(*Louse*.)

Derry down down, hey derry down.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to *Sejanus's Hall of State*.

Lord Cringe, *Supple*, *Easy*, *Trimmer*, with a Crowd of *Petitioners*. Upon *Sejanus's* Entry they all advance towards him bowing low, and offering their *Petitions*.

Sej. takes the Petitions and folds them up.] Can I be of Service to my Friends in any Respect? Let them

them Name it, and see how ready I shall be to serve them; I thank kind Heaven that I was born for the good of my Country in general, and of my Friends in particular.

Cringe, advancing towards him, bowing low If your Honour pleases to recollect a little, before you went your last Progress, you were so good as to promise——

Sej. Your Lordship is never out of my Thoughts. I'll take care.

Sup. If your Honour would be so good as to call to mind, that on *Midsummer-Day* last you engaged——

Sej. You are always next my Heart, and have no Occasion to repeat.

Easy. Contrary I presume to your Honour's Knowledge I have received no Addition to my Pension since——

Sej. Your Welfare constantly exercises my Thought: You shall have no Reason to complain.

Trim. The Article of the *Excise Scheme* as yet remains unsettled, although, pursuant to your Honour's Order, I have from Time to Time waited on your Steward, but to no——

Sej. That you know miscarried, so the less must content you; but you shall find me grateful.

Trim. Please your Honour, I have a Wife and large Family, which oblige me to be pressing for——

Sej. I hope they are all well; you shall be satisfied according to your Merits; but you see at present I have other Affairs of Importance to transact.

Trim. I hope your Honour will pardon me—— that's impossible as my Family is starving, so 'tis a Matter of the highest Importance to relieve the Distressed.

Sej. Any other Time but the present.

Trim. I must be obliged to turn again if your Honour does not think proper to——

Sej. Bid *Scribble* give you a Bank Bill of 20*l.* at present.

Trim. I just now intimated to your Honour, that I had often been with him, but to no Purpose ; I must turn a Penny some Way or other : If your Remissness obliges me to write on the other Side of the Question I shall lay you——

Sej. Bring me a Pen and Ink [*Exit, and returns with Pens, Ink and Paper.* *Sejanus writes and gives him a Note.*] There, will that content you.

Trim. God bless your Honour, you shall see what a Gloss I'll put upon Things.

[*Bowing low, and withdrawing.*]

Sej. I will take care, Gentlemen, of all your Concerns, and endeavour to gratify you as far as lies in my Power , you will excuse my Absence, because I am obliged to be at Court.

[*Exit Sejanus.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Rummer-Tavern again.*

Lord Cringe, Supple, Easy, and Trimmer.

Trim. I'll be a Bottle extraordinary with all my Heart : When Times go well I am a generous Soul.

Cringe. But how did you manage him ?

Sup. I am seldom fortunate.

Easy. Come have a little Patience, we shall put the Harness upon the right Horse by and by I'll warrant ye.

Trim.

Trim. Manage him, why I told him flat and plain, that without a present Gratuity I must be oblig'd to turn.

Cringe. So you frighten'd him into Compliance.

Trim. I could discover such a Scene of Villany, my Friends, as would make your Hairs stand an End to hear it.

Sup. So he gave you a Sweetner to stop your Mouth.

Trim. Ay, that's the Case, I have him under the Hatches as much or more than he has me. Come, let's be merry. [*Drinks to Easy.*]

A I R XXII. Come brave Boys let's fill our Glasses, &c.

*Here's to the my Boy—a Brimmer,
All the World should quickly say,
Sejanus truckles to a Trimmer,
If his Pocket did not pay.
Tol, lol, loral, loral, &c.*

Easy. I am glad to see you so merry, Sir, I hope 'twill be our Turn in Time.

Cringe. And may it be very shortly, or I must lay down great Part of my Equipage.

Trim. I'll mount *Pegasus* now, and soar aloft quite out of Sight.

Sup. And I'll mount old *Grout*, and ride quite off, for I can't stand it much longer unless he'll draw his Purse-strings. A State of Dependence in itself is bad enough, but to have no suitable Recompence is the Devil.

Cringe. Let us make an Agreement to petition him but once more, and if he does not answer our Expectations, let us all turn. I don't
speak

Speak to you *Trimmer*, for he has rivited you pretty firm to his Interest.

Trim. Nay, I'll come into those Measure as soon as any of you, if I can reap any Advantage from them.

Easy. He must comply with our Demands to secure several Boroughs.

Cringe. That's right, and since he has put us off from time to time let us enhance the Price of our Votes and Intrest.

Trim. I tell ye, if you have a Mind to accomplish your Ends, you must push home, not mince the Matter, but tell him in plain Terms, if he won't lug out you will do none of his dirty Work any longer.

Cringe. I want to get a fix'd Pension for Life without any Limitation or Restriction.

Sup. 'Tis impossible to obtain that; why you must be p——d a thousand Times, and be able to bring as many Votes to an Election before you can be entitled to such a Favour.

Easy. Well, I think enough of this. Let us take Care only for the Time present, the Morrow will take Care for itself; we came here to be merry, and the Time is but short. [*Drinking.*

A I R XXII. Come Neighbours, &c.

While the Sun shines let us make Hay,

And drink away, whilst we may,

And drink away, whilst we ma—y,

Regardless of the ensuing Day:

Let every Man fill up his Glass,

He that flinches is an Ass;

And

*And when you find,
Sejanus kind,
Sejanus kind,*

Let not that Moment pass.

CHORUS

*Then we'll toss of our Bowls,
We'll toss of our Bowls,
For his Cause, whilst we're zealous,
To all clean biting Knaves,
To all clean, clean, clean biting Knaves,
And the STATESMAN of Delos.*

Trim. I'll go and acquaint my Wife and Family with my good Fortune.

Cringe. Let us break up, the Bottle's out.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE changes to Sejanus's Closet.

Sejanus and Belinda.

Sej. [saluting her.] How does my Charmer? I have not seen thee, my pretty little Dear, for this Age I think.

Bel. I am glad to find your Honour return'd from your Progress. You promis'd me to be back in a Week, but have forfeited your Word in that respect. *[Taking him round the Neck.]* You did not leave me Money enough, my Dear, I was oblig'd to borrow two Guineas of an old Acquaintance.

Sej. Very well Love, *[Chucking her under the Chin.]* I will give you Money to discharge that Debt.

Bel. I'm much obliged to your Honour: I don't know how it is, but of late I am vast uneasy

easy when you undertake any Journey, for fear you should come to any Harm.

Sej. What Harm, my Dear, who dare hurt thy *Sejanus*?

Bel. I know you have Power enough to crush all your open Enemies, but then you have a great many private Foes, that are always upon the Watch to do you Mischief.

Sej. I neither fear nor value their Malice, publick or private.

Bel. Your Adversaries are daily increasing, my Dear; you have twice the Number of Enemies since that unlucky Scheme as you had Before.

Sij. Why 'twas an unfortunate Project, but since 'tis past there's no recalling it

Bel. Then I have no Patience to hear their Skits whilst you were gone: An impudent Fellow that writes the News, published a scandalous Letter, wherein he compares you to a Quack.

Sej. There's a Love [*Kissing her.*] for telling me all the News; but how could he make his Assertions good?

Bel. Why, he said, that you cur'd one King of a Loofness, and an Emperor of a Distemper; I don't know what they call it, of an Attachment to his Neighbours.

Sej. Never vex thyself, my Favourite, about such Trifles as those, they are beneath the mighty *Sejanus*'s Resentment.

Bel. *Seeming to cry.*] I am sure I was as much concern'd as if I had been your Wife.

Sej. Dry up those precious Tears, all of them put together cannot hurt thy *Sejanus*.

Bel. So I will, and be merry too, since I'm along with you.—— My dear *Sejanus*, does
Prince

Prince *Flavius* come over against the Time or not.

Sej. You should never ask me any State Questions. What will it signify to you if he does or does not.

Bel. *Kissing him.* You shan't be angry, I did but ask because People talk so very much about it.

Sej. He is but a sluggish Lover indeed, my Dear, not half so vigorous as thy *Sejanus* [*squeezing her.*] though much younger; that Affair has caused me a great deal of Pains, and but little Profit; but I think I am somewhat fatigued, let us go in to my Chamber, and lay down a little while.

Bel. I will, but you must promise me one Thing first.

Sej. What's that, my Dear, any thing that is in my Power.

Bel. Why then, as the Princess's Household is going to be settled, get me to be one of the Ladies of her Bedchamber: I know you have Interest enough to accomplish it, and I have Merit enough to deserve it, at least your Endeavours towards it for past Favours.

Sej. Well, my Dear, we'll see what's to be done [*Taking her by the Hand to lead her out she draws back a little.*]

Bel. But will you promise me faithfully. If I can be provided for in that Manner, I shall have no Occasion to be so chargeable to you.

Sej. Ay, ay, my Dear, any thing in the World. [*Leading her along*]

A I R XXIV. Conforza Scoza, &c.

Sej. *Whate'er you ask, my Dear, can I deny thee,
Since greatly to prize thee,
Thy Beauty invites;
Those tempting Charms
My Senses alarms,
'Tis Heaven itself to lie in those Arms.—*

Bel. *That heavenly Delight,
I fear before Night,
Will quite be forgotten as soon as enjoy'd;
The Promisses made,
Will soon be betray'd,
When with this transient Pleasure you're cloy'd.*

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.





A C T III.

SCENE *the First.* Sacharissa's Apartment.

Prince Flavius, Lord Truelove, Modish, Sacharissa, and Melinda.

Prince Flavius.

I Could not pass this Way without paying my Respects to the fair *Sacharissa*.

Sach. I am much obliged to your Highness for this Favour; but presume that my Apartment does not lie in the Road to *Delos*.

Prince. What of *Delos*, my charming Fair? 'tis the Haven of my Desires, and I think that is sufficient.

Sacha. Your Highness must excuse me; but by such Expressions I think you very much affront the most illustrious Princess you are contracted to.

Prince. How so, my *Sacharissa*, 'tis the Bands of Interest that contract me to her, and not of Inclination.

Sacha. Then I think your Highness is to blame to espouse her.

Prince. What! to blame for espousing such a Fortune; no, it will be the wisest Thing that

that I can possible do; but however that won't cool my Passion for you in the least.

Sacha. Your Highness now speaks unintelligibly, I do not know what you mean.

Prince. True Love needs no Explanation.

Sacha. Your Highness never expressed yourself in this Manner before: Such Language would be better bestow'd on the Princess of Delos.

Prince. It suits the fair *Sacharissa* as well.

Sacha. If it were possible that I could flatter myself so far as to think your Highness in earnest (yet 'tis now too late) I should be entirely for engrossing the Heart of the Man I loved to myself, and could not bear a divided Affection.

Prince. My Heart, charming *Sacharissa*, is altogether yours, though I am obliged for Interest, and Reasons of State, to deliver up my Hand to another, but yet that does not prejudice the Esteem I have entertained for you.

Sacha. Then you must act very ungenerously by the Princess you are to espouse, you will be her Property, and therefore cannot belong to any one else: Besides, could I harbour such a Thought as to believe I had the largest Share in your Affections; yet I observ'd to your Highness before, I could admit of no Co-partner in love.

A I R XXV. What a Plague is love, &c.

Great are the Plagues of Love

When you divide it.

How can you constant prove

To both, decide it?

Gita

Give me the faithful Boy,
 Whose Flame's entire,
 Unsettled Hearts destroy
 Love's pleasing Fire :
 As the Steel to the Pole,
 My constant Heart shall rowl,
 To that dear constant Soul,
 Always inclining.

Prince. Very fine indeed, charming *Sacharissa*; but you are mistaken in your Notion of Things.

Sacha. Your Highness must excuse me if I persist in an Opinion, which to me seems well grounded; but if you will pardon my Freedom, I will give you a little wholesome Advice, which to me, at this present Juncture of Affairs, seems very necessary for you to put in practice.

Prince. Any thing from the fair *Sacharissa* needs no Pardon or Apology; but let me hear what it is, and I'll follow it as far as lies in my Power.

Sacha. 'Tis, I am sure, what all your true Friends would recommend to your Highness's Consideration.

Prince. Let's hear it then, Madam, and do not keep me in suspense any longer.

Sacha. It is then in the first Place, to leave of all vain Thoughts, and seriously consider the State you are entring into, and in order to make that deserving Princess, and yourself happy resolve immediately on a Voyage to *Delos*, and give the Fair One a voluntary Specimen of your Gallantry and Esteem, and not stay till you are drag'd as it were over by Force.

Prince.

Prince. And can the fair *Sacharissa* advise me to fly from her Arms into another; impossible sure! if the Love of you did not detain me, yet that of Interest would.

A I R XXVI. Whist I gaze on *Chloe* trembling, &c.

Can I cross the dangerous Ocean?
And those tempting Beauties shun:
 [pointing to *Sacharissa*.]
Could you make that hateful Motion?
Could it drop from that dear Tongue?
If thy Charms did not detain me,
Of Gold, the more prevailing Ties,
From such wild Projects should restrain me,
Was Beauties Queen to be the Prize.

Mod. I hope your Highness now won't think my Lord *Tenelove*, and your humble Servant, singular in their Opinion, since this fair Lady's Sentiments, in that Point, correspond with ours.

Mel. If your Highness will give me leave to pass my Judgment, I must be of *Sacharissa's* Opinion. 'Tis by all Means adviseable, that you should pay a Visit to the Princess, and make her a handsome Present before your Nuptials are solemnized.

Prince. Madam, I am extremely obliged to you for your good Council; I find you are very dextrous at enlarging on a Subject, if you can get the least Handle; so I must not only hazard my own Person, but perhaps to the Value of 4 or 5000 l. besides, or perhaps what you

you may call a handsome Present, may in itself amount to that Money.

Mel. 'Tis a Thing expected in those Cases, to offer your intended Spouse something suitable to her Royal Birth and Dignity.

Prince. My Lord *Truelove*, what do you say? I have not heard you speak yet; don't you see they are all upon me?

True. I took the Liberty to acquaint your Highness the last Time I had the Honour of seeing you, with my Thoughts on the Matter.

Prince. And you would really advise me to throw away 4 or 5000 *l.* to appear at *Delos*, like a Butterfly in a Summer's Day.

True. I hope your Highness will find your Account in it at last: But least any Thoughts of the fair *Sacharissa* should be an Hindrance to your true Interest [*Taking Sacharissa by the Hand, and kneeling.*] here on my Knees I beg Pardon for concealing it from my Sovereign, but she has been upward of this Half Year my Lady *Truelove*.

Prince. Monstrous! You surprize me; I thought you had always been her Aversion; but rise, since it is done, it cannot be undone, I pardon ye both, and wish ye happy.

True. and *Sacha.* rising.] We thank your Highness, and shall be glad to spend the Remainder of our Lives in your Highness's Service.

Prince. Well, *Modish*, they will never catch you in that Trap I dare say, here's you and the beauteous *Melinda* have been jilting each other a long time.

Mod. Please your Highness I am entrapp'd already, and I think much to my Satisfaction,
by

by Lord Truelove's Persuasion; *Melinda* has vouchsaf'd to change her Name to *Modish*.

Prince. Impossible! sure it can never be.

Mel. 'Tis true indeed; I have fix'd him; and hope your Highness will approve of it.

Paince. *Modish* married! you may as well endeavour to persuade me the Moon's made of a Green Cheese.

True. Your Highness may depend on it as Matter of Fact, I myself was present at the Solemnity.

Prince. If you confirm it, my Lord Truelove, I believe it, but think it is something very unaccountable.

A I R XXVII. Since all the World, &c.

A Man might believe the Sea dry Land,

Or something more uncommon,

Per Modish's fluttering Heart could fix,

Or settle on one Woman:

If, Proteus like, all are for change,

I may forget the past;

Learn freely to lug out the Coin,

And make this Voyage at last.

True. Your real Interest, my Prince is what we have been long aiming at, and if we could prevail upon you to pursue it, we should think ourselves extremely happy.

Sacha. The chief Motive of this Declaration of our Marriage was founded on no other Reason than to hinder your Highness from amusing your self any longer with the Thoughts of one who is in the Possession of another already.

Mod.

Mod. We are all strenuous and unanimous for your Highness's Welfare, and our chiefest Ambition is faithfully to discharge our Duty to our Sovereign.

Mel. I should esteem it the greatest Honour to be employ'd in the Princess of Delos's Service.

Prince. I don't know what to say to ye all, but think it a strange Metamorphis, and as well worth Observation as any of the Poets Fictions: Sure I'm in a Dream, it can be nothing else; *Sacharissa* marries the Man, who, to all the World seem'd to be her Aversion; and that Weather-Cock *Modish*, who was for subduing the whole Female World, is now fixed to a Point.

True. If your Highness will condescend to hearken to your Servant, it would be very proper at this Time to unbend your Thoughts a little from Lucre, and since you have a sufficient Affluence, make use of it as becomes a Prince.

Prince. What, now you are advising me again to a needless Extravagance: No, no, tho' ye are all transform'd yet as to that Point, I remain in *statu quo*, and hope always shall.

True. I would not upon any Account intimate to your Highness, what might in the least Prejudice your Affairs; but good Manners, Courtesy, and Complaisance plead strongly in this Matter.

Prince. But, my Lord, Prudence and Frugality plead much stronger; yet however you have wrought more on me than any one else could have done, for I will consider of it, and order my Steward to calculate the Expence;
H but

but then here is this Present, that will cost God knows what to be sure.

True. Your Highness doubtless will procure one suitable to your Royal Dignity, but if you do that can't hurt you.

Prince. I'm afraid if I go over, I may do nothing else when I come there but squander away my Money in Presents. There was an extraordinary fine Sword that I gave away the other Day to a Subject of *Delos*; it cost me a deal of Money.

True. But all these Things, my Prince, will be made up to you again in your Consort's Fortune, and then doubtless the King and Queen of *Delos* will give you or their Daughter, which is all the same, many valuable Presents.

Prince. That's more than you or I can be certain of, my Lord, for they say my Mother-in-law loves Money as well as myself.—But that is not all, here's *Sejanus*, the Prime Minister, must have a fellow-feeling for making up the Match. I sent him Word I would give no more than 5000 l. but his Conscience, as I know 'tis pretty large, may demand 10000 l.

True. I thought you had already settled that Matter; but however a Diamond Ring of about 200 l. Value I think is sufficient for him:

Prince. No, the Express is not yet returned; he has been gone longer than usual, I expect him hourly, and upon his Arrival you shall know more of my Mind.

Mod. May he then produce pleasant Dispatches for your Highness.

Prince. I hope he will, *Modish*.

Sacha. I join in my good Wishes too, that every thing may turn out as your Highness would have it.

Mel.

Mel. I hope if the Messenger brings favourable News, we shall prevail on your Highness.

Prince. I can't tell that yet, Madam.

Mod. Let us all hope for the best

Prince. I think we have chatter'd long enough, I am now for a little Air.

True. We wait your Highnesses Pleasure.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Princess Seraphina's Apartment at Delos.*

The Princess and Hamilla.

Princess. Well, *Hamilla*, can you tell me how or when I am to be disposed of.

Ham. That's an odd Question to ask, begging your Highness's Pardon, who should know so well as yourself.

Princess. I ought to know I think, *Hamilla*, but I suppose, as *Sejanus* has the ordering of it, so he will keep it as a Secret from me 'till just as the Time approaches.

Ham. Have you received no Proof yet of Prince *Flavius's* Esteem, by Letter or Present.

Princess. No, though I have been contracted to him these three Months, yet have I neither seen nor heard from him.

Ham. A very odd Courtier; he does not at all answer the Character the publick Papers give of him.

Princess. O that I was but left to my own Choise! his Indifference would be a Pleasure to me.

Ham. They talk very warm again now of his coming.

Princess. So they have these two Months, but he continues still at home, and there may he ever continue for me.

Ham. I believe your Highness is in no great want of him.

Princess. No, not I truly; if I had formed ever so agreeable an Idea of him, yet his Ill-Manners and Remissness, would have entirely destroy'd it.

Ham. One would think (if I may be allow'd to speak my Mind freely) that he has not a Soul capable of that generous Passion, called, Love.

Princess. 'Tis my Opinion indeed, that he delights more in Hounds and Horses.

Ham. They say that all his Dominions are not yet settled, so that in carrying him such a prodigious Fortune, you will run a Risque in having great Part of it thrown away, to purchase him two or three of his antient Lordships.

Princess. *Sejanus* ought to take care of that, he's cunning enough in most Things.

Ham. *Sejanus* won't trouble himself about it if the Prince tips him a Present, that's all he cares for.

Prince. As he has the sole Management of the Matter, so to be sure he'll procure me a good Settlement for his Reputation's Sake.

Ham. Reputation's Sake! He does not value Reputation, nor any thing else but Money.

A I R XXVIII. The Modes of the Court.

'Tis Gold alone employs all his Care,
 For that he labours Night and Day,
 If he can but Finger the Coin,
 He little regards what People can say ;
 You'll always find
 Sejanus kind,
 If for his Interest you can bribe high ;
 But should that fail,
 You'll never prevail,
 Without it the Statesman looks always shy.

Princess. It may be so, *Hamilla* ; but I think this is for his Interest, I may come to be Queen of *Delos*, and then 'twill be in my Power to recompence him.

Ham. But he considers his present Interest only, my Princess, for he is sensible, that he has transacted so many Villanies as will oblige him long enough before that can happen, to resign up (if he is not turn'd out) all his publick Places of Trust.

Princess. See then, *Hamilla*, how unfortunate it is to be born a Princess ; happier should I have been were my Descent less noble.

Ham. Freer you would have been, because then you might have chosen a Husband for yourself, and not have been thrust, as you are now, into the Arms of an indifferent Lover.

Princess. His Affection for me is but cool, I believe indeed ; but as to that we are pretty even.

Ham. I don't see, my Princess, how you can have any real Value for each other.

Princess.

Princess. How unfortunate is the Condition of Princes, to be disposed of as State Bargains.

Ham. In that respect, to gratify every-bodies Humour almost but their own.

Princess. If it must be so it must : Let what will happen, *Hamilla*, you shall share my Fortune. What Book is that you have in your Hand ?

Ham. I am very much obliged to your Royal Highness, and shall be proud to serve you to the utmost Stretch of my Capacity.——This Book is a facetious Novel; and seems to hit your Highness's Case exactly.

Princess. Read the Title of it.

Ham. *The Secret History of Maima Oello.*

Princess. I was wont to take great Delight in Books, and spend much time in reading, but am now so distracted, that I can't set my Mind to any thing.

Ham. Reading is doubtless a very profitable as well as pleasant Amusement.

Princess. It may be a good pretty Thing for ought I know, as far as may be judg'd from the Title, and may answer my Case exactly. Perhaps some good-natured Author pitying my hard Fortune, has from thence taken the Plan, that all succeeding Princesses may read and comiserate the Fate of the unhappy *Seraphina*.

Ham. I intended it as a Present for your Highness, [*Giving the Princess the Book.*] that's more than ever Prince *Flavius* gave you.

Princess. So 'tis, *Hamilla*, and more acceptable than all the Presents he can make me.

Ham. They say 'tis a curious Thing, I have not read it, but fancy, that the *Indian Curaca Robilda* must very much resemble our *Sejanus*.

Princess,

Princess. And I doubt the fair *Mama Oello's* Case and mine are too much alike: But let us take a Walk, *Hamilla*, and you shall read it to me.

Hamilla. I wait your Highness's Motion.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Prince Flavius's Council Chamber.*

Prince, Truelove, Modish and Others.

Prince. Well, my Lords and Gentlemen; we are here assembled, though I think there's but little Business to transact: I have earnestly expected, for these three Days successively, Dispatches from *Delos*. The Messenger stays a long time.

True Something extraordinary has happend, or else he would have been back before now.

Mod. The Fellow is very dilatory sure.

Enter a Gentleman in waiting with a Packet.

Gent. Please your Highness, this from *Delos*.

Prince. Let the Messenger himself come up, that I may know from his own Mouth the Reason why he staid so long.

Gent. It shall be done, Sir.

Exit Gent.

Enter Messenger.

Prince. What could detain you so long at *Delos*? I expected you back three Days ago.

Mes. I return'd, please your Highness, as soon as I could procure my Dispatches,

Prince,

Princ. Why what hinder'd you?

Mef. I was oblig'd to stay a considerable time for them, because *Sejanus*, Prime Minister to the King of *Delos*, was gone a Journey.

Prince. But he is never long together from the Metropolis; where was he gone to?

Mef. I think they call it a Progress in their Country, but when first I arriv'd at the Metropolis of *Delos* some People told me he was turn'd a Quack Doctor, or what we here call a High German Physician.

Prince. That's only a Joke of some of the Malecontents who don't like *Sejanus*. — Well, go about your Business. [Exit *Mef.*

Now we shall hear what more, my Friends, *Sejanus* has to say. [Breaks open the Letters and reads *Modish* to *Truelove*.] I hope in the Lord, good News, for I long to see *Delos*.

True. The Prince seems to smile as he reads; I fancy the Dispatches are pretty agreeable. —

Prince folding up the Letters.] Well, my Lord *Truelove*, Matters are now all agreed on, *Sejanus* has granted all my Demands. — There is but one Article that I dislike, and that is, this going over. *Sejanus* repeats it again in his Letter that my Presence is necessary at *Delos*. — I know this will please you, *Modish*, though it does not please me very well.

Mod. I am very glad to hear that every thing answers your Highness's Expectations; and must confess, this last Piece of News is very agreeable to me.

Prince. I am sure 'tis very disagreeable to me; but if I can't find any Loop-hole to get out at, I must e'en go thro' with it.

Mod.

Mod. I am much rejoiced at it for my Prince's sake, and would have him by all Means exert himself in such a Manner, that the World may say, he does not degenerate from his illustrious Ancestors.

Prince. I don't know what to say to it, *Modish*; if I go it must certainly cost me a great deal of Money, but I suppose I must be under *Sejanus's* Direction too, (especially in this Case) as well as all the People of *Delos*.

True. I am glad to find your Highness wavering, we shall be able to encline to your side of the Question, perhaps, bye and bye.

Prince. My Thoughts at present, my Lord *Truelove*, are divided; but at last I believe must resolve to obey the great *Sejanus*.

True. I dare say your Highness will find your Account in't.

Prince. If I thought otherways, my Lord, I would not submit to undertake such a Journey.

Mod. And is your Highness really in earnest? then I am happy in persuading my Prince at last to pursue his true Interest.

Prince. I am in earnest, *Modish*, and for a Confirmation of what I say, I appoint my Lord *Truelove's* Wife and yours, to be Ladies of the Bed-chamber to the Princess of *Delos*.

Mod. But has not the King of *Delos* the Right of disposing of those Places.

Prince. Of Half, but the other Part belongs to me.

True. I rejoice that I have at last succeeded.

Prince. You and *Modish* shall accompany me over ——— tho' I can't say but after all that I have no great Stomach to the Voyage.

True. Your Highness will like it better when once you are landed; the Sight of your Princess will inspire you with different Notions from what you have hitherto entertain'd.

Prince. I hope for the best, my Lord. ———
I would have you and *Modish* get every Thing in Readiness, for as I must go, I may as well set out at first as at last.

Mod. It revives the very Cockles of my Heart, to reflect that we have at last prevail'd on your Highness; we will readily obey your Commands and get ready for our Journey.

Sacha. Would your Royal Highness be pleas'd that my Lady *Modish* and I should attend you to *Delos*, in order to wait on your Princess.

Prince. Yes, by all Means.

Mel. That's charming, *Sacharissa*, it will give us an Opportunity of improving, and learning the Fashions of *Delos*.

Sacha. So be sure, *Melinda*, we must dress in their Way, whilst we are in that Country, and that will occasion us to have a great many Suits of rich Cloaths; besides each of us a glaring one for the Wedding Day.

Mel. Right, my Dear, nothing could have happened luckier; we shall be richley set off, our Husbands will do that to gratify their own Vanity as well as ours.

AIR XXIX. Where I laid on *Greenland's* Coast.

Let us sail for *Delos* Coast,
And be of that fam'd Isle the Toast;
Make each admiring Youth our Prey,
And bring Cart Loads of Hearts away.

Sacha.

Sac. *Let's view that happy, happy Sight,
Where Cupid's dwells, and gay delight,
Where the fairest Nymphs are seen,
And comliest of the Sons of Man.*

Mel. *Then fresh Scenes of Mirth aloud,
Tempting Joys for ever found :*

Sac. *Greatful Bliss knows no decay,
But Life steals pleasantly away.*

Prince. *I am glad to see you so merry, I wish
it may always hold so. My Lord Truelove, you
won't fail to get your Equipage in Readiness,
I believe the Ladies will be forward enough.*

True. *With all the Pleasure imaginable we
comply with your Highness's kind Offer: And
from hence let all the World observe;*

A I R XXX. *My Time, O ye Muses, &c.*

*The Prince in vain from Proxy hopes to know.
The real Joys that must from Marriage flow.
There's no substantial Bliss can be convey'd,
Unless the Youth himself enjoys the Maid :
Then each delighting and delighted give,
The pleasing Ecstasy which each receive.*

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Just Publish'd

THE Secret History of MAMA OELLO,
Princess Royal of Peru: Containing, a-
mong many other curious Things, the Princess's
Reasons for her Aversion to her intended Match
with Atabalipa, Prince of Quito.

Sold by the Booksellers of St. Paul's Church-
Yard; and at the Pamphlet-Shops of London
and Westminster. Price 1s.

Where also may be had,

I. The OXFORD ACT. A new Ballad-
Opera. As it was Perform'd by a Company of
Students at Oxford. Dramatis Personæ, Vice-
Chancellor, Proctor, Haughty and Pedant, Two
Fellows of the Colleges reduced by the Act,
Tetraz Filius, Thoughtless, Spendthrift, and
Sprightly, three Extravagant young Students.
Flippant, Hamella, Vinella, Buella four Ox-
ford Toasts, who made a grand Appearance at
the Publick ACT. Price 1s.

II. The Terra Filius's Speech. The Third
Edition. Price 6d. 4 AP 54

III. The Oxford Toast's Answer to Terra
Filius's Speech, wherein she confutes his scan-
dalous Aspersions, Paragraph by Paragraph.
Price 6d.

IV. The History of Harvides and Donna Lu-
pella. Containing, The Family of the Harvides,
His Amour with a married Lady of Distinction,
call'd Harriot. His Marriage with Lupella,
and many other diverting Adventures.

